

# Schemers

## SKATERS

So you think you got a problem?  
I hear you're hiding out in Harlem  
    You just can't fake it  
    Our friends don't care  
    You held his hand until he let go  
And now you're resting on your sorrows  
    You've got to face him  
    And I just can't take it no more  
    I've got to let you know  
        I got to feel it  
        You got to let it go  
        I'll show you afterwards  
        Cut it up until it's all gone  
You make new friends and then you rob 'em  
    Well I know  
    As anybody knows  
    Deaf dumb and dumb  
And all your derelict friends  
    All would trade you in  
    We've all got problems  
    I just can't take it no more  
    I've got to let you know  
I got to feel it You got to let it go  
    I'll show you afterwards  
        And?  
        Of what you fear  
        From this side  
        Hey  
        It's not what you think  
        But what you do  
And peace is seldom made  
    Without the violent cool  
    And in the wake of the dead  
Heroes on the walls of the high school halls  
    And while I pledge my allegiance  
        I can feel the secrets  
        Of a couple of schemers  
Rebels and mods(?) and crimson walls  
    Well they all died for the same cause

In a classless showdown  
I don't want to hear it any more  
I've got to let you know  
I got to feel it  
You got to let it go  
I'll show you afterwards

Songwriters  
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